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THE

LANDSCAPE.

A

POEM.

------- gratior it Dies
Et ſoles melius nitent.

HOR.

LONDON:

Printed for JOHN WOOD, under the *Royal Exchange.* 1748.

[Price Six Pence.]

THE

LANDSCAPE.

A

POEM.

LONDON:

Printed for JOHN WOOD, under the Piazza
Covent-Garden. 1764.

[Price Six Pence.]

THE
LANDSCAPE.

IN blooming Youth, and Virgin Beauty gay,
The Hours, roſe-crown'd, led on the Infant Year,
Their Smiles, with gentleſt Affluence, promiſe *May*,
And the new Spring revives the Heart of Care;

Emblem of Youth and Love, with genial Force
Compels half-willing Nature to be bleſt;
* The Rigour ſooths of the primæval Curſe,
And with abundant Warmth inſpires her Breaſt.

And now, ſupported by a Silver Fleece,
I ſee the vernal Pow'r all bright ariſe;
Encircling Splendor, lambent from his Face,
Spreads new Effulgence o'er the joyful Skies.

See

* Alluding to the Curſe pronounc'd on the Earth at the Fall.

On him behold! what radiant Forms attend,
  Plenty, with Hand benign, ſupplying Wants;
Pleaſure, with heighten'd Smiles by Senſe reſtrain'd,
  And Health, whoſe ruddy Cheek fair Virtue paints.

See calm Philoſophy, ſerenely bleſt,
  With chearful Thought, with Brow compos'd and even!
Reflection, Inmate of the Sage's Breaſt,
  And Contemplation, with her Eye on Heav'n.

Love, at his Feet, ſurveys his Store of Arms,
  The future Bane of many a Youth and Maid;
Spring gives a livelier Force to Love's Alarms,
  Who meditates new Conqueſts by his Aid.

There too harmonious move the Virgin Nine,
  Queens of ſoft Song and Fancy's Rapture ſweet!
With her, whoſe Hand directs by Art divine,
  The Painter's Thoughts in blended Dyes to meet.

Hark! how the Spring ſalutes the ſmiling Dawn,
  And calls young *Phœbus* early from the Eaſt,
To taſte the Fragrance of the dewy Lawn,
  Where Nature pours her Sweets to grace the Feaſt.

Mean while their Notes the warbling Band ſupply,
Sweet Band! by Love's ſoft Pow'r both taught and paid;
The Lark high-tow'ring thro' the vocal Sky,
The Linnet, Chantreſs of the lowly Mead:

The Robin, Friend of far leſs gentle Man,
The Gold-finch, dreſs'd by Nature's laviſh Hand,
The lonely Cuckoo, the aſpiring Wren,
Call'd by the Spring, obey the kind Command;

Nor let the conſtant Turtle be forgot,
Whoſe Plaints the ſympathizing Boſom move;
Who feels the ill-requited Lover's Lot,
And does not ſigh to hear the Turtle's Love.

Thee * too, ſwift Herald of the Summer's Beam!
Fleeting as Vows profeſſing Woman ſwears,
Soon as I ſee thee ſkim the curdled Stream,
My Heart attempts to break its Yoke of Cares.

All hail! who thus the Gloom of Grief can cheer,
Make anxious Prudence wear the Face of Folly,
Turn Sorrow's Edge, and ſhew acute Deſpair
Transform'd to penſive, pleaſing Melancholy.

* The Swallow.

Come, ye dear Partners of my lonely Hours,
Silence and moving Thought, and Fancy free,
My only Miſtreſs now! the rural Pow'rs
Call us the *Landſcape* of the Spring to ſee.

Nature the Pallat holds, the Canvas ſpreads,
Fill'd with *her* Colours, Art the Pencil guides;
Where Fancy heightens, Judgment blends his Shades,
Truth only o'er the Draught ſupreme preſides.

Hence empty Noiſe! far hence more empty Crowd,
Trim Sons of Faſhion, or the ſordid Race!
Of Prejudice and vain Opinion proud;
Hence from the ſilent, unworn Paths of Peace.

From theſe by bright Imagination led
I mount the Summit of a pendent Hill,
The feather'd Spring ſings round me as I tread,
And ſcarce admits to hear the diſtant Rill.

Hence I ſurvey th'indented Vale below,
Silver'd in Mazes by the Riv'let clear;
While on the Banks a Thouſand *India's* blow
The voluntary Fragrance of the Year.

The tender Primroſe, Child of Mattin Dew;
The Velvet Cowſlip, waving in the Wind;
Sweet Violets, ſurpaſſing *Tyrian* Blue,
And pale *Narciſſus*, with ſad Head reclin'd.

Nor is there not the golden *Crocus* there,
And *Lady's Smock*, unſpotted as a Maid;
The Paſt'ral *Daffodil*, and *Woodbine* fair;
And Carpet *Daiſies* o'er the Meadow ſpread.

Now am'rous *Zephyr* ſighs in rich Perfumes,
Flora his Vows in *Hawthorn* Bow'rs receives;
Whilſt loſt in Joy he trembles o'er the Blooms,
And each complying Flower ſpreads its Leaves.

Theſe Nature yields to deck the rural Fair,
Or wreathe in Garlands, ſacred to the *May*;
The Nymph as ſweet, who binds with theſe her Hair,
And, who the Garland bears, the Youth as gay.

Not ſuch th'unwilling Garden's ſoppiſh Growth,
Gawdy from Dung, and forc'd to be mature;
Theſe know no Gard'ner, but the kindly *South*,
Alike from Art, from Toil, from Av'rice pure.

So the uncourtly Nymph, with native Grace
And Charms unborrow'd, can create Deſire
Sooner than ſhe, whoſe Bluſh-diſſembling Face,
Tho' rob'd in Gold, but kindles painted Fire.

While thus I moralize the ruſtic Song,
Another Object calls me from my Throne,
To where the prat'ling Riv'let ſteals along,
And dimpling ſmiles at *Sol*'s reflected Beam.

Its Verge, a rugged Crag, whoſe ſurly Brow
Frowns o'er the Baſe with Ruſh and Oſier fring'd:
Oſier, that drinks with Branches ſtooping low
The painted Flood, by dark Reflection ting'd.

A golden Sun-beam, peeping from behind,
The Summit wild with bord'ring Radiance crowns,
And ſmiles thro' Boughs, that ſhrink before the Wind,
While matted Thorn the moſſy Steep imbrowns.

There ſtands, the Victim of ſome raving Blaſt,
The ſhapeleſs Ruin of an antient Oak;
Around to browzing Goats a rough Repaſt,
Thick Brambles creep, deſcending to the Brook.

Near this I view (amid ſurrounding Trees
The rev'rend Rook's Abode) a Pile appear,
Which nodding o'er the Stream it's Turrets ſees
Dance on the Wave, aſcending downward there.

The Frowns of Time infurrow deep it's Walls,
Whilom the Seat of Mirth and ſocial Joys;
All round inſinuating Ivy crawls,
And Stateſman like, it's Patron's Strength deſtroys.

Here as I Muſe, inſpir'd with ſacred Awe,
Methinks I ſee the Pomp of antient Rights,
Whoſe Souls, devoid of All but Honour's Law,
Knew not to call the Pranks of Vice Delights.

Their healthful Dames, to Merit only kind,
Join'd ſplendid in the ſtately Maſque ſecure;
Where not a Thought to Ribaldry inclin'd,
No glowing Cheek confeſs'd a Bluſh impure.

Raptur'd I hear the Trumpet's Silver Sound,
Which calls the Warriors, arm'd in Beauty's Cauſe:
While mimick Gods, invok'd, deſcend around,
And the full Chorus ſwells with loud Applauſe.

Or elſe * Inſtruction, clad in myſtic Lays,
Gives Senſe a Form, and makes ſage Prudence plead;
Tho' Pleaſure's Pow'r deludes a Thouſand Ways,
Virtue, in vain oppreſs'd, exalts her Head.

Then ſweeteſt Numbers tune th'attentive Soul,
And † Laws and Milton join their ſacred Arts;
‡ Unlike the modern, Midnight Revel foul,
Where Pageant Folly draws unthinking Hearts.

Still o'er the Halls, if rural Fame ſay true,
When Moon-light Gleams the ſolemn Duſk pervade,
The dapper Fairies dance, a joyous Crew!
And pace with many a Round the ſilent Shade.

In antique Guiſe array'd, they court their Dames,
Trip o'er the Field, and up the Woodland ſtray;
Or feaſt on moſſy Banks, where darkling Streams,
Flow murm'ring on, impatient for the Day.

But

* See Comus, and many others of the ſame Nature.

† A celebrated Compoſer in the Beginning of the laſt Century.

‡ The ſhameful Difference between what is now called a *Drum*, and the elegant Entertainments of Muſick, Painting and Poetry united in what our Anceſtors ſtiled a *Maſque*, is too obvious to a Reader of Taſte to need Explanation.